

THE INFERNAL COUNCIL.

An excellent new ballad.

To the Tune of, *The devils were brawling, &c.*

GRIM BELZEBUB's council assembled of late,
Where matters important were weigh'd in debate:—
Thus spoke the ARCH-FIEND,—“What bold *imp* will ascend,
Our empire on earth to secure, and extend?”

With a fal, lal, lal, laddle lal, &c.

For *Hervey* and *Young*, and some more, in strange style,
Woo the ears of the *great*, and their *hearts* may beguile:
This attempt on our RIGHTS,—such bold *treason*, we own,
Hath chill'd us with dread, as it shook our firm *throne*.

With a fal, lal, &c.

“Our

- “ Our friends, *Hobbes, Spinoza, and Bolingbroke* great,
 “ Who triumph’d in our *cause*, have now founded *Retreat*:
 “ *Wou’d to hell!* our *dread arm* had yet spar’d them a while,
 “ Since our *foes* thus *exult*,—and our *powers* dare *revile*.”

With a fal, la, &c.

Amazement and terror suspended each *tongue*,
 Till proud LUCIFER rose, and address’d the *wild throng*:

- “ GREAT LEADER, why *dread*?—Our worst *fate* is assign’d!
 “ What! DEVILS know *terror*?—*Leave that to mankind!*

With a fal, la, &c.

- “ Tho’ *these champions of hell* have from earth all retir’d,
 “ H—ME aloft bears our *standard*, whose *breast* I’ve inspir’d:
 “ Of *talents* so rare, so acute, so profound,
 “ Of such *depth*, in your *realms*, there are none to be found.

With a fal, la, &c.

- “ His *mind* I have swell’d with *vain-glory* and *pride*;
 “ *Faint emblem* his *paunch*!—tho’ so vast, and so wide:
 “ Tho’ *wealth* he despises, yet, fond of a *name*,
 “ He soars in *new tracts*, to high *glory* and *fame*.

With a fal, la, &c.

“ Th

The *laws* of that *Ruler*, whose *realms* are on *high*,
 He boldly subverts, and has dar'd to defy :
In his flights how sublime!—I am charm'd to behold
 Our *hero*, surpassing all *heroes* of old.

With a fal, lal, &c.

This *maxim* he wisely *resounds* on the *ear*—
Men have nothing to hope, so have nothing to fear.—
 Hence *dagger*, *ball*, *poison*, or *cord*—which you please,
 Each *fool* may practise on *himself*—and find *ease*."

With a fal, lal, &c.

ceas'd—when in transport cry'd BELZIE, "I find
 This DAVID indeed is a man to my mind :
 Shallow politic *fiends* might for ages have try'd
 To devise such a plan,—and their art been defy'd.

With a fal, lal, &c.

Directed by H—ME to the *regions* of *night*,
 What *troops* of pale *spirits* shall rush on our *fight* !
 To *him* then assign we our *delegate* *sway*,
 Who hath taught men the *path*, and will soon lead the *way*."

With a fal, lal, &c.

ALL

ALL HELL then resounded with shouts of *applause*

To H—ME, who hath nobly supported its *cause*:

To Pæan to H—ME now their *transports* loud tell,

While *Echo* responsive—"Amen, cries ALL HELL:"

With a fal, la!, &c.

F I N I S.